

A Reasonable Motion

IN

The behalfe of such of the

CLERGIE, As are now que-

stioned in *PARLIAMENT*

for their places.

Together with the Conference betwixt

the two great Associates, *WIL-*

LIAM Arch bishop of *CAN-*

TERBURY, and *THO-*

MAS late Earle of

STRAFFORD.



Printed in the unfortunate Yeare to Priests 1641.

A. R. Campbell's Journal

IX

CHAPTER I

1861

1862

1863

1864

1865

1866





Vouchsafe (GREAT LORDS) with patience for to hear
 Our just request, which we present you here.
 'Tis said abroad that you the Church would free
 Of sundry faults, which in the same there be.
 But that it's feard, and you perhaps conceive
 A change of things, we Priests will not receive.
 But will stand out for things we former had:
 And doe them still, though you shall thinke them bad.
 But we doe hope, by this to make it cleare,
 That no such thing of us, you need to feare.
 For we (like Scots) will not such things put by
 As are impos'd by Sovereaine Majesty.
 Nor are we like the Puritanish Sects,
 Who'll doe no more than what the Word directs.
 We never yet have shew'd our selves so ill,
 But what the State enjoyn'd we did it still.
 And that your Honours may be sure of this,
 We can produce the ages past for us.
 You know King Edward did the Masse put downe,
 And set the Service Booke up in the roome.
 We then the Clergy of the Land throughout,
 Forsooke the old and tooke the newer up.
 When he was dead, and Mary had the Crowne,
 Then up goes Masse, and Service it comes downe.
 Yet we Sir Priests as men of quiet spirits,
 Obey'd the Prince, and turn'd unto our vomits.
 Some few yeares after Mary being dead,
 The Crowne is set upon her Sisters head.
 Now shee againe puts downe the Idoll Masse,
 And hath the Service, as before it was.
 To this our Father Priests did then submit,
 Though most perhaps did minde it was not fit:
 Yet what the State did thinke for to be best,
 They question not, but do't, and therein rest.
 What they have done, we meane the like to doe;
 Conforme our selves, to things confirm'd by you.

If you put downe our Bishops from their Chaire :
Their Liturgie, and Courts, and other geere.
What next by you shall be enacted then,
Shall be observ'd by us the Clergie men ?
But if you please to have them yet stand still,
We are content, and yeeld to them we will.
For government and worship, what care we,
Or Rites, and Orders what in Church there be,
Our care is onely, for to keep from wants :
For Conscience here, we leave to Puritants.
And this we judge to be no wise mans ease,
To deeme his Conscience better than his place.
The Canons late which were on us impos'd,
By you are thought not fit for to be us'd.
Yet we (Sir Priests) did stand so much in aw,
As that we meant to yeeld unto their Law :
And ere that we will leave our gainfull trade,
We'll stoop to all what ere by man is made.
Therefore brave Lords, as you in Court now sit :
So let Religion be, as you thinke fit,
We take no thought this way about Gods will,
But how to keepe our Benefices still.
And hope we doe, although the better part,
To cast us out can finde it in their heart.
Yet there are some, will speake for poore Sir Johns :
For lazy Dogs, old Priests, and idle Drones.
For pluralists, non-res'dents, and such men ;
The Clergy now consisting most of them,
And cause there is, the matter should be so :
For if turn'd out (alas) what shall we doe.
It's now so long, since we forsooke the trade
Of cobling, weaving, thatching, and the spade,
That for to worke our bodies are unfit ;
Nor can We bring our hearts at all to it.
If we therefore must let our Priest-hood fall,
This then we beg most humbly of you all.
That still we may enjoy our belly cheare :
And idly live, without all worke or care:

And

And if your honours will but grant us this,
 We are content, if you will us dismisſe.
 For we came to the place for Conſcience ſake,
 As to be fed, and labour none to take.
 But yet we thinke, much better it will be,
 That in the Prielt-hood left alone be wee.
 For if the Puritaines, the onely men,
 Who wiſh us out, ſo that they may come in.
 Doe get but once, into our place and roome,
 They will not doe as we (poore fooles) have done :
 They are (forſooth) ſo ſcrupulous in their wayes,
 That if it be againſt Gods holy Lawes,
 They will not doe it, no although it be
 A thing required of his Maieſtie :
 But as for us our carriage is not ſo,
 If State command we never ſay it no.
 And this we dare affirme there is no Where
 A more Time-ſerving Clergy than is here.
 When our ſweet Biſhops had by Act obtain'd,
 To have Gods holy day with ſports profan'd.
 Although the purer ſort againſt it taught :
 Yet we conſurm'd, although we knew 'twas naught.
 What ever Laud devis'd, and on us caſt,
 We did the ſame to hold our livings faſt:
 And we fore-ſaw what further was his hope,
 To bring us all in ſervice to the Pope.
 Which thing, if he had once but brought to paſſe,
 To yeeld thereto our full intentment was.
 And thus we have your Honours made to ſee,
 Why in the Prielt-hood we ſhould ſuffered be.
 Namely for this, and nothing elſe at all,
 There's nought ſo bad, but yeeld thereto we ſhall.

— Quid rides? mutato nomine de te
 Fabula narratur.

Straff.

Straff **G**OD save your Grace: How doe you doe?
Cant. My Lord, I thanke you, well as you.

Straff. I have not scene your Grace of late
So full of mirth, may't auspicate
Some good event, and such as we
May by it finde our liberty,
The Proverb him unwise doth hold,
Who loves his fetters, though of gold.

Cant. Last night (my Lord, some nobler dream,
Then did to sanguine, choler, phlegme,
Or unto melancholy owe
Its birth, did on my fancy grow :
Me thoughts I was in Oxford, where
Lord Chancellours name and power I beare :
What shouts Saint Johns there to me gave,
My gladdened eares yet ringing have ;
I heard their labouring joyes and throng
Of praises both in prose and song.
And as me thoughts from thence I came
To Lambeth, I still heard the same
So loud, that Eccho from White-hall,
Return'd them to my Lambeths wall.

Straff. In such a dreame, O who would keep
 A noyse to break your graces sleep!
 And though dreames erre, yet may this be
 To you a happy prophesie,
 And such a One as may prove true,
 And faire unto my selfe as you.
 For so by one compact of wit,
 Our Counsellis were together knit
 So close, so even, they did goe
 To worke the Common weale its woe,
 We cannot well our selves define
 What plot was yours, or which was mine,
 They were each others In-mates, twins
 That vy'd which most should number sins;
 Both slept, both wak'd at once, and whether
 They lost or won, both play'd together.

Cant.

*Cant. My Lord, you rage. Straff. You cannot call
Truth a disease, or rage at all:*

Truth neither can, nor will deceive you.

Cant. Farewell my Lord, for I must leave you.

*Straff. Yet stay a while, and give to me
Once more your benediction:*

I must confesse I did begin

To chide, but now forget my spleene.

Cant. It doth increase my joy, and sure

The joy may well your praise procure:

How thinke you? would this Kingdome flout,

To heare we two were falling out?

Come be your selfe, relate at length

What arm'd Recusants, what new strength

May come from Ireland to relieve

Our dying faction. Straff. Never grieve

My settled Soule: I doe not know

That root on which one hope might grow:

But in conclusion there must be

A Rope for you, an Axe for me.

*Cant. Was this your so well groundd guesse
Of our increasing happinesse?*

Ends thus your boasting, that you could

Get money, men, or what you would,

To curb the insolence of those

That were, or would become our foes?

False Straffords Earle. Straff. Stop there, your Grace

His tongue doth trot too round a pace:

Looke, look abroad, can you now see

No Patent, no Monopolee;

All your Projects, all your fine

Devices, sick as Medinum Wine,

Can now no more Lauds, lawdlesse might,

The Parson from the Pulpit fright,

The Subject from the Kingdome? What

Could ruine doe, which you did not:

Cant. There's something yet undone, 'tis true,

But shortly to bee done to you:

Each Guard you have (for 'tis the will

Of Fate to have you guarded still)

Shall

Shall serve the minister of your doome,
Your Executioner, not your Groom :
Your head that mastered so much Art,
Ere long shall from your shoulders part :
Your blond your Scarlet must new dye ;
Your Spurres fall off, your Ermines flye,
And of so great, so fear'd a Name,
Scarce left a man that loves your Fame.

Straff. So, so (my Lord) my heart is glad
I owne that grieve your grace can mad ;
Your head no doubt, is growne the lighter,
Since dis-invested of the Miter :
It was too prond a waight, and knowne
To nurse bad thoughts, tis better gone.
The Shepheards on their Sheep-hooks laugh,
And doe upbraid your Crosiers staffe :
No more, your now deafe Chaplaines harke
What houre shall speake you Patriarke.

Cant. Farewell, farewell, your Time calls on,
Speake thoughts more sanctifi'd, or none :
Tis you must lead the way, and I
Shall follow after by and by.

Straff. My lifes short knarled thred doth stand,
Expecting Fates impartiall hand :
Heav'n hath my thoughts, (my Lord) yet stay,
Shall we nere meet againe ? Cant. We may :
There's roome enough in heaven for two
Have more transgressed than I or you :
But I what time and place forbear
To name ; 'tis G O D knowes when and where.

FINIS.